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# Life

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# Life

FIFTEEN, RUE TAITBOUT

PARIS

Dear LIFE Reader:

Are you one of those *snagless* travellers on foreign strands? If you are, you are that favored one out of each thousand globe-trotters. For there are some snags to greet the wariest of the other 999. We know, for it's our business to eliminate them. If you let us know when you come over this year, we can make your pathway over Europe smooth and snagless.

For LIFE has a Paris office in full swing nowadays. With LIFE's compliments we are busy showing LIFE readers what real Enjoyment of Living means in Europe. There is fun and to spare over here, still, that few folks know about, places that haven't yet been mobbed by tourists, places that are not out to play the good old American-skin game. We can guide you there, and we can also help you with your luggage-snags, language-snags, and even shopping snags.

We're easy to find. You know the Boulevard Haussmann? The street just back of the *Opera* and back-north of American Express—the street that runs in front of the *Galeries Lafayette*, the big department store? Well, there we are, six minutes' walk from the Café de la Paix, and opposite the American Chamber of Commerce. And if that isn't enough to place 15, rue Taitbout for you, call me up at Provence 42-90. Or just call me anyway, for fun. We'll get it for you.

Yours,

Lucy B. Wells

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# Life



*"Pardon me, lady, I can't sleep—I just GOTTA talk to somebody."*



*"Imagine drifting into the land of your dreams—first class, of course."*

### A Trout's Eye-View Of President Hoover

HOME TROUT: Say, do you see those boots wading upstream? Guess whose feet are in those boots?

VISITING TROUT: I don't know and don't care. Just so the man isn't using artificial bait. I'm hungry and I'm tired of digging worms.

H. T.: Aw, go ahead and guess.

V. T.: I tell you I don't care. You can't eat feet. In the stream where I come from all the fishermen use live bait. I haven't had to chase a minnow or dig a worm for years—not until I came to visit you.

H. T.: They are Hoover's feet.

V. T.: Not Herbert Hoover? The President of them all?

H. T.: Exactly. The two feet approaching are Herbert Hoover's.

V. T.: Just think of that. Why, I thought the naval treaty was keeping him too busy for fishing.

H. T.: Oh, the naval treaty is well in hand, I think. An eel passing through here last week told me it was. He said he got the news from a barnacle on a battleship.

V. T.: Golly! Herbert Hoover's feet!

I believe I'll jump up and get a good look at him.

H. T.: All right, look out or you'll hit that willow limb.

V. T.: Say, he saw me jump. He was looking this way.

H. T.: He's casting over here now. See, there goes his lure. It's pale evening dun with fan wings. Looks natural, doesn't it?

V. T.: Why, it is natural. It's a real fly.

H. T.: Don't fool yourself. There isn't an ounce of nourishment in a carload of those things. Look! There goes another one. He's trying a number ten yellow dun now.

V. T.: Those things make me hungry. I believe they are good to eat.

H. T.: Well, suit yourself if you want to bite. You'll get your picture in the newspapers with Herbert Hoover. That's something.

V. T.: There's another fly. I know it's real.

H. T.: A number ten royal coachman, fan wing.

V. T.: It looks to me like the real thing.

H. T.: That's just the way Hoover handles it. He's good at casting. Got powerful muscles in his wrist. Developed them shaking hands.

V. T.: I'm going down and bump against his legs. Surprise him.

H. T.: Don't be such a fish. First thing you know you'll be going home with Hoover and your wife will blame me for it. Think of your 2,000,000 children.

V. T.: He has put on a live one now. Look!

H. T.: Keep away from that. It's a red hackle.

V. T.: It's real. I'll get it.

H. T.: Hey! look out! I told you so! Run over this way with it! Here, tie the line around this root. Now spit out that hook and let's get away from here. I told you Hoover was a good fisherman.

V. T.: That isn't President Hoover.

H. T.: Yes it is.

V. T.: Listen at him. He isn't talking like a President.

—Tom Sims.



"Turn over now, mama—you're done on this side."

### Thoughts

Many a man wishes he were as wise  
as he thinks his wife thinks he is.

### Opportunity

New York has long been known as  
the city of opportunity. For instance,  
one man who began as a messenger  
boy with a brokerage firm less than  
twenty years ago now owes more than  
a million dollars.

### Giraffes

We read that a giraffe's eyes are so  
placed that it can see directly behind  
without turning its head. Even so,  
we doubt if there is much of interest  
to be seen behind a giraffe.

### Question

"The English barmaid is a lady,"  
says Councillor Joseph Wilson of Lon-  
don. Who was that barmaid we saw  
you with last night?

### Gladly

Aristide Briand is receiving favor-  
able reports on his proposal to form a  
United States of Europe. If the plan  
goes through we can let him have some  
slightly used laws as a starter.

### The False Friends

They laid their hands upon my head,  
They stroked my cheek and brow;  
And time could heal a hurt, they said,  
And time could dim a vow.

And they were pitiful and mild  
Who whispered to me then,  
"The heart that breaks in April, child,  
Will mend in May again."

Oh, many a mended heart they knew,  
So old they were, and wise.  
And little did they have to do  
To come to me with lies!

Who flings me silly talk of May  
Shall meet a bitter soul;  
For June was nearly spent away  
Before my heart was whole.

—Dorothy Parker.



"But George—I could be a sister to you!"





The motorist and the tennis player collide.

## Domestic Ditties

### "Rebellion"

I won't dress for dinner  
At home.\*  
When out on a party  
We roam,  
I'm garbed like a winner†  
Who dresses  
In all that is smart he  
Possesses.

But this is my credo  
I shout  
Through thicker or thinner  
"That's out—  
NO bloomin' Tuxedo!"§  
I foam,  
"I won't dress for dinner,  
At home!"‡

\*Except to keep peace in the family.  
†Well, the wife says it's becoming.  
But she may be kidding.  
§Or full dress either.  
‡Anyhow, not every night.

—Berton Braley.



"I know it looks bad—but am I to blame if the undertaker cheated?"

(6)

## Great Minds at Work

Every change for the better involves some loss, but it remains a change for the better.  
—Arnold Bennet.

Literary men—hell! With millions of people in the country experiencing great and sorrowful distress what do the literary men do? They sit in New York composing odes to spring. You can't count on them for leadership.  
—Theodore Dreiser.

When you are too old to play golf you had better die.  
—The Prince of Wales.

Today only the richer one or two per cent of the people patronize the bootlegger to any great extent.  
—Professor Irving Fisher.

The term "financial panic" means a temporary absence of the customary assumptions upon the basis of which normal life proceeds.—Richard Whitney, Pres. New York Stock Exchange.

If Bernard Shaw had never been born it would have made no particular difference.  
—Arthur Brisbane.



SINBAD  
"I'm sorry."

(7)

# New York Life

## "Medium" Story

THE time that a large portion of the urban population devotes to an effort to communicate with the dead is enormous, and a goodly portion of their income finds its way into the pockets of those who claim to be in touch with the shores of the beyond. Mediumship has many phases: There are the trance, message, trumpet, automatic writing and materializing mediums. The latter being able to bring them right back before your eyes.

Some years ago there was a house on twentieth street, presided over by a man and a wife and several of their children. They were materializing mediums. Every night and three afternoons a week they turned out the lights and drew the shades to permit your departed ones to walk back and forth through the rooms. Sometimes as many as eighteen ghosts would make their entry during one session.

Usually only those known to the mediums were admitted and instead of the faithful having a hard time recognizing the incoming and outgoing spectators, it was quite the reverse. One afternoon a newcomer was admitted. She bore letters of introduction and the

mediums felt she would not violate the conditions. She did not. Instead she identified the entire company of ghosts who trooped forward. The whole seventeen were her departed relatives. She had had three husbands, two of whom were dead. They appeared, as did her ancestors and descendants until the entire seventeen were present and accounted for. But the rest of the audience had not paid their fifty cents each for nothing. They wanted to do a little recognizing and identifying of their own, and right there in the dark an indignation meeting was held by the members of the circle. Two women declared that the husbands recognized by the newcomer belonged to them. Another claimed that the child who appeared attired like a cross between little Eva and little Lord Fauntleroy was her grandson. And then mob psychology being what it is, they all pounced on the blanket identifier and insisted that she give them back at least half of the wraiths as their very own. She refused and the seance broke up in a quarrel which raged into the street.

But the materializing medium and his family came to grief. It seems that

one of the ghosts sued for back pay. She lived in Flatbush and her contention was that she had been hired at a salary of fifteen dollars a week to impersonate six shades of the departed every performance. Some weeks the medium paid; some weeks he did not. One day the ghost came from Flatbush a little before opening hour, laid before the materializing medium a bill for back services, carefully itemized. He said he would pay half. She said he would pay all. And when he flatly declined, she sued him in a local court. It was unprecedented in the history of jurisprudence, all the way from Solon up to Justice Holmes. And it was so unprecedented that the next time the faithful (who did not believe one word of the charges) knocked on

the door of the Temple of Spiritualism, they found nobody home. The medium and his family had de-materialized.

It is strange how folks will act after



they get on the other side. Instead of coming back and giving helpful counsel or telling what's behind the beyond, they just go around in the dark acting like a band of drunken sailors or mischievous college boys. I remember one spirit who threw a bowl of water over the sitters, just to prove that life continues after death.

Spirits will go to any lengths to demonstrate the continuity of life. Some years ago there was a trumpet medium who used two great horns, on the style of the old-fashioned gramophone horns. These had luminous bands around them so their exact location could be determined in the dark. Voices spoke through these and they swung around in the circle, touching those for whom messages were about to pop. One night several hilarious spirits got control of the seance and began to strike people and cut up scandalously. Suddenly someone gasped and in a second a voice whispered "turn on the lights, Miss Smith has fainted." And Miss Smith had fainted. She also had a long gash over her right eye. As they bore her from the room someone commented "what a frightful accident." "Yes," replied Miss Smith, opening her eyes, "but what a conclusive proof of immortality."

These things are going on all the time in our sophisticated city. It would be interesting to know what "Watson" would make of it now.



"Why, it's Henry!"





"Don't mind me, lady. I never sold a brush in my life!"

### Posers

I do not hunger to unravel  
The points that stump the ultra so:  
How fast a ray of light may travel  
I do not care—just let it go.

But in my mind this riddle tosses—  
Why builders mark glass panes with  
crosses?

I do not wish to figure out  
Just how an atom may be split;  
Nor know the way to go about  
In psycho-analyzing wit,

But now a question, dark, delirious—  
Why are comic strips so serious?

I do not long to grasp the meaning  
Of Mr. Einstein's latest find,  
And much of philosophic gleaming  
I'm glad to leave quite undivined,

But why do girls, I've asked for years,  
Put drops of scent behind their ears?  
—A. F. M.

### How to Get a Chicken Out of an Egg

Tell chicken it is regular homebody. Say it is doing a heap o' living in egg. Chicken will be annoyed. Will break out of egg. Resolve to travel. Cross the road.

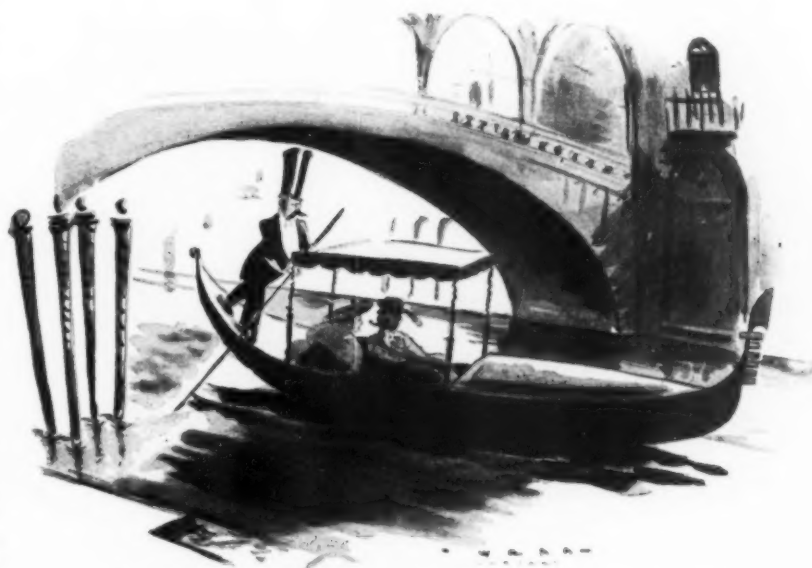
Tap once on egg. Chicken will think opportunity is knocking. Will come out. Find hard world. Have to scratch for living.

Read Society Columns to chicken. Speak of chicken's good breeding. Chicken will become snob. Will follow doings of fashionable younger set. Decide self is debutante. Stage coming out party. Grow up to be common domestic fowl.

Psycho-analyze chicken. Remove inferiority complex. Chicken will come out of its shell. Become extrovert. Grow up to be gallant rooster.

Preach rebellion to chicken. Stir up unrest in egg. Chicken will be discontented with environment. Will arise. Cast off yolk. Become free chicken. End up in skillet.

Procure healthy hen. Place bottom of same on egg. Egg will become ten degrees warmer inside. Chicken will say, it's not the heat, it's the humidity. Will come out for air. Enjoy breeze in back yard.  
—W. W. Scott,



"What eez theeza 'Nedick's' place you look for, Mrs. Peebles?"

## Mrs. Pep's Diary

by JULY 15—All the morning  
Baird gone in putting the final  
Leonard touches to my book of verse  
which goes to the publisher  
today, and I fashioned this rhyme  
to place in the front of it:  
*I cannot lilt with Calverley  
Nor pull off epigrams with Pope,  
But woe, thank God, is never me—  
I'm big, blonde, blue-eyed, full of hope.  
Let him who reads and does not run  
Credit me with the soul of Spring,  
For, after all is said and done,  
I'm never saddest when I sing.*

But I did not rate it very highly, so  
I made another one, as follows:

*Who seeks for pearls must dive below,  
So, since man's reach exceeds his  
clutch,  
I merely sing of what I know,  
Which isn't much.*

Astonished, too, and horrified to discover that the poem I like best of all I ever wrote had not been included in the collection, and I am certain that if I had not made the discovery until the book was published, I should have walked down to the river and plunged off a pier. Dot Magee for luncheon, and she was telling about a man who had wanted to play bridge in the court-

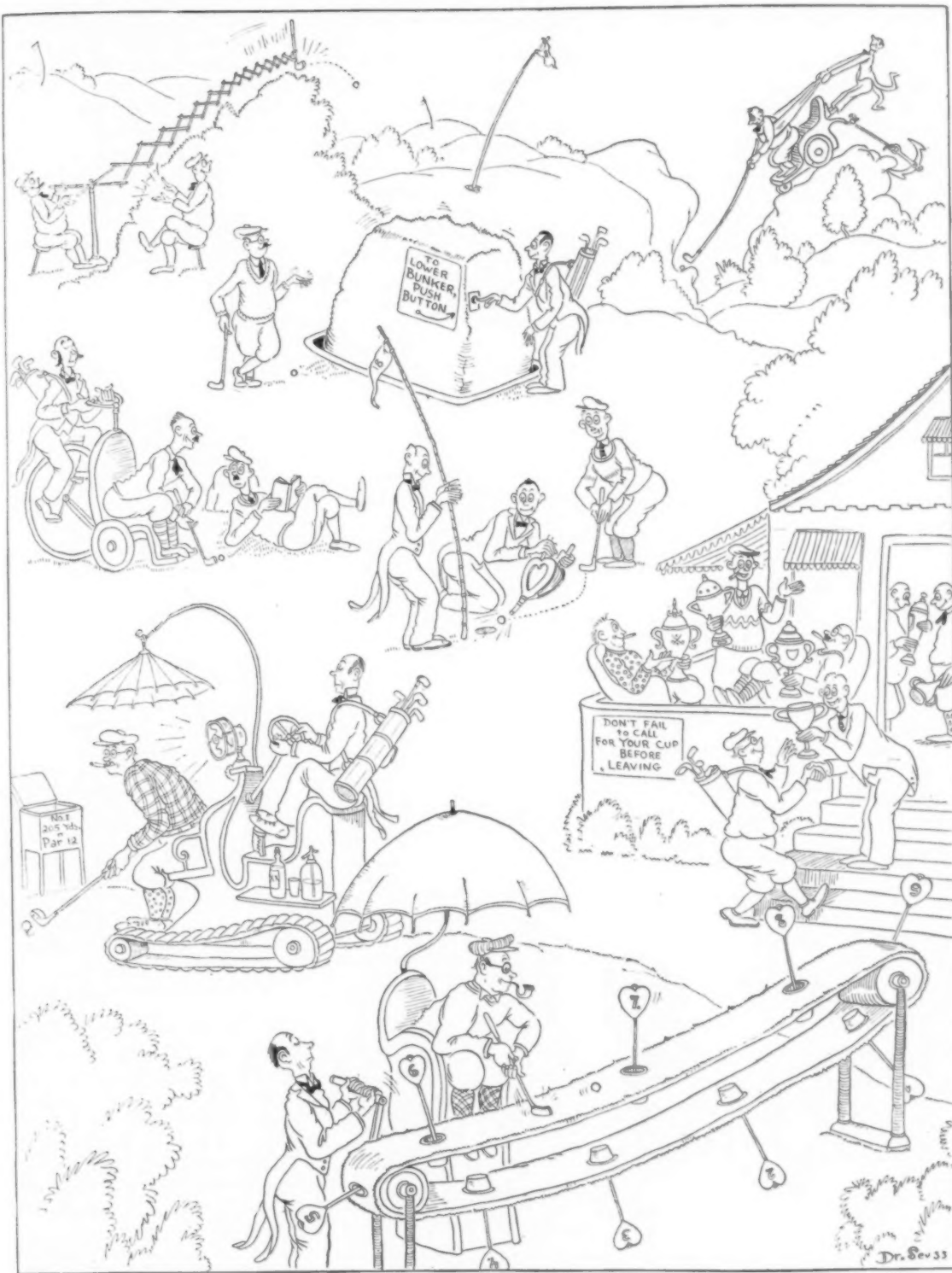
room whilst the jury were out deciding his fate, and I do not think he could have had a better idea, neither, and I am sure of one thing for myself, which is that I do never again mean to enter an elevator in a private house without two packs of cards and three other persons, having been stuck in one once for over two hours with a strange man who didn't have so much as a pair of dice on him.

JULY 16—Dorothy Finley, the nurse, come early to strap my ankle, which has pained me now for eight days with no indications of abating, and then a young woman to see me with a letter of introduction and a request for advice on how to set about a literary career, a demand which does usually embarrass me, for Lord! just as the proper study of mankind is man, so the best way to become a writer is to sit down and write, and it is no fun, neither, and why anyone who could possibly make a living in any other way should take up with letters is past my comprehension, and scarcely a day passes that I do not wish I were a snake charmer or a lady's maid or God knows what else, albeit Samuel tells me that this distaste is a matter of self-deceit.

JULY 17—Going through some old boxes this day I did discover a book of paper dolls which I did cut out when a child, and I do well recall how difficult it was to get fathers for the families we assembled, and when we finally did manage to get hold of a tailor's chart, a great many of the gentlemen had to be one-legged because of the fact that they were standing, in the picture, behind their friends. The Bannings for dinner, and the talk fell on Fran Winston, who insists on being treated by her husband as though she were sixteen years old, and Sam said it was pretty hard to regard as a toy a woman who can sign such sizable cheques. Lord! my own problem is to get treated as an adult by those in closest contact with me, and the way our Katie supervises and scolds me would not be credited by those unfamiliar with Eastern Shore servants. But Fran is a horrible example of the lengths to which a woman can go in refusing to admit the passage of time, and I have made Samuel promise me that if the day comes when I wish to wear my hats on the back of my head like a debutante and ask college boys to teach me the latest dance steps, he will give me a good beating and send for the alienist.



"That little Mrs. Smith had the impudence to say my house was cozy and homelike!"



THE YAWNSBORO C. C. (FOR WILLING BUT WEARY SPORTSMEN)



## Life in Washington

**C**AESAR'S wife—that estimable lady who had to be above suspicion, but was not—might be a bishop in the Southern Methodist Church were she living now, but she could not be chairman of the Republican National Committee. At least she could not if she were inclined to gambling on margins in the stock market.

How enviously Claudius H. Huston, for example, regards Bishop Cannon. Both worked hand in hand for the election of Herbert Hoover. Both had a considerable hand in fanning the anti-Catholic sentiment in the South. Both were given credit for the fact that four states which had never gone Republican before gave their votes to Hoover.

But now look at them! Huston talks firmly even as his feet stand on the greased slide about to precipitate him into Hoover's collection of political ghosts along with Dr. Work, who was chairman of the national commit-

tee during the campaign, Mable Walker Willebrandt, who fired the zeal of the evangelical churchmen in Ohio, and "Wild Bill" Donovan. But despite his talk he knows the slide is there, properly lubricated, and that soon he will be careening down it.

Bishop Cannon, on the other hand, wears the cryptic smile of a martyr who has suffered at the hands of the powers of evil, but has triumphed. He is proud of his wounds. He defies the whiskered and thirsty Tinkham, that blot, as Cannon sees it, on what ought to be the Dry Republicanism of Massachusetts. He faces no greased skids. On the contrary he confessed to the leaders of his denomination down in Texas that he had been "tempted" and had "sinned" and was exonerated.

There was no intimation that the liquor interests, or even Major Henry H. Curran, had any part in the temptation. Just who slipped the Bishop all those hot tips on the market that he played has not been revealed. Nor what emissary of rum, not to mention Romanism and Rebellion, it was who

pointed out to the Bishop that if he would take these huge sums from E. C. Jameson, et al, he need not bother to report all of them.

But poor Huston, who did err grievously, his friends admit, in borrowing money contributed for his lobbying activities, and putting it in his margin account, has been in hot water ever since the Lobby Committee found out about it. Yet Huston REPORTED it. He actually returned the money.

Tinkham continues to charge that Cannon has brought himself under grave suspicion, and alleges violation of the corrupt practices act, with intimations that are even worse. And he continues unsued despite Cannon's threats.

Of course the idea of a minister, and particularly a bishop, of a church which is so straitlaced as that in which Cannon officiates, playing the stock market at all is incongruous. Playing it on margins in a bucket shop was all the more strange. But the average critic of the Bishop in Washington is much more shocked by his failure to account for all of money handed to him to aid in defeating Smith than by the fact that the Bishop risked some money on a stock tip.

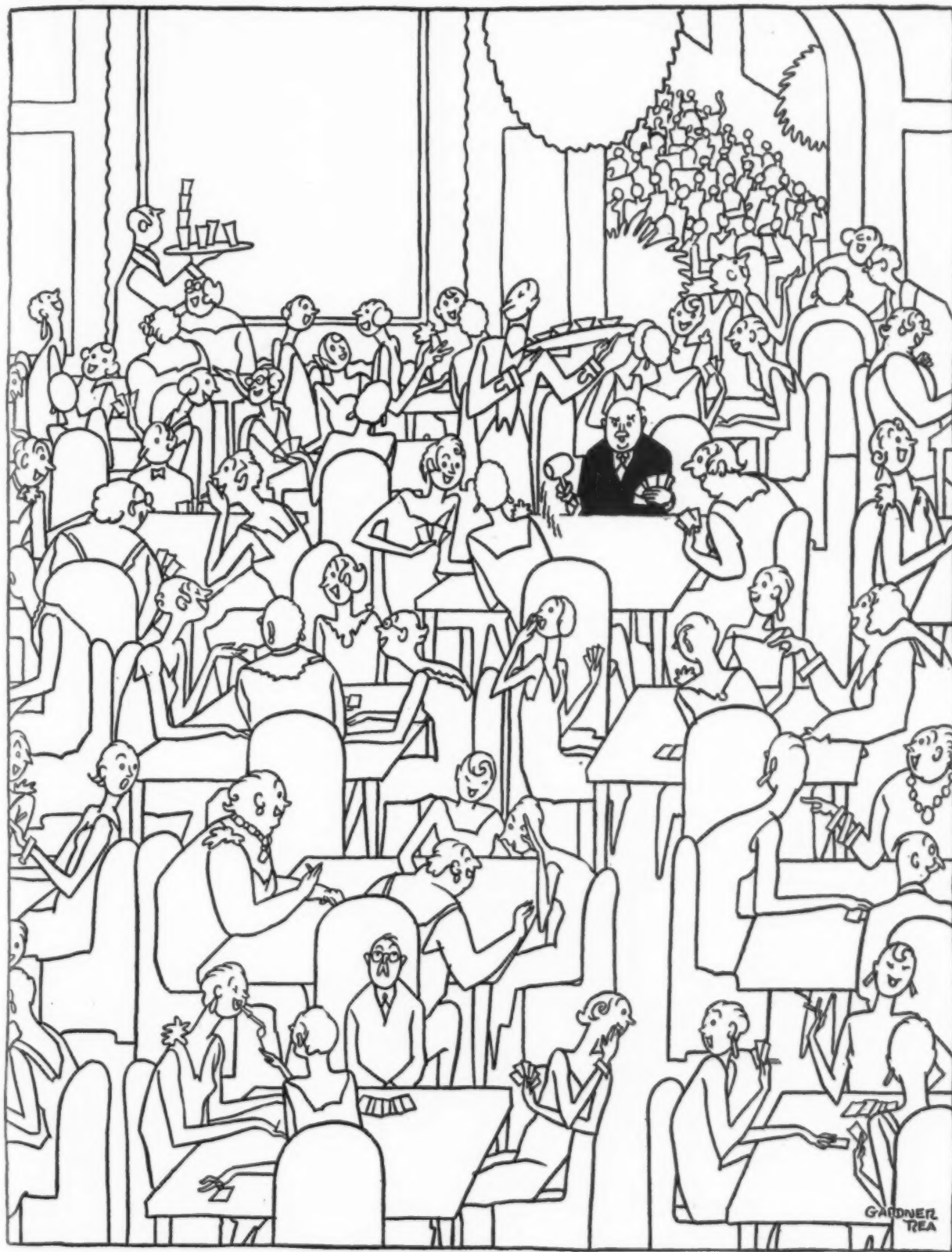
Huston, on the other hand, was well recognized as a successful speculator, an enthusiastic poker player, and even, much as it may shock some of Bishop Cannon's followers, as one who liked to bet, not wisely but too well, on his skill at golf. But the really bothersome items were that he had used, temporarily, certain contributions for his stock brokerage account, and that he was sued for not paying a note based on his golf losings.

**I**NCIDENTALLY it is rather interesting to note that gossip as to Mr. Huston's successor is almost exclusively centered on Dr. Simeon D. Fess, United States senator from Ohio. Dr. Fess is the darling of the Anti-Saloon League, and has been rivaled only by Henry Allen of Kansas as a champion of the President on the floor of the Senate. But while he fits the picture of what seems to be wanted, he is a big surprise in the present set-up because he has actually demonstrated in the past that he knows how to run a political committee. He was very successful as chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee for years.

So apparently the Hoover Administration is going to try a little political serum after all. —Carter Field.



"You got me wrong, Skeets, I didn' make fun o' your clothes—  
I just mean they outgrewed ya."



*Speaker Longworth attends a bridge party.*



# Life Looks About

## Amiable Anarchy

A RECENT conversation between two elderly citizens.

"What do you think of the Senate?"

"My mind has not much dwelt upon it, but it seems to be all there is just now that functions as government. The House does not govern. One cannot say that the President governs. Who does govern us anyhow?"

"Nobody. We seem to be running along in a sort of amiable anarchy."

Mr. Morrow is interesting as a symptom that the amiable anarchy under which we have flourished for about ten years is nearing its close and that the bell is just about to ring for a resumption of thought and of action therefrom resulting.

All the same it is a mistake to suppose that when the officers to whom government is formally entrusted are inactive no governing is done. The tariff, for example, as to which there is so general an emphasis of dissatisfaction, did not make itself. It is credited by the *World* to five men—to Mr. Franklin, President of the Petroleum Producers Association; to Mr. Barbour, former President of the American Tariff League; to Senator Grundy, of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers Association; to Mr. Burgess, of the American Potters Association; to Mr. Eyenson, of the Connecticut Manufacturers Association. These citizens, powerful for legislation, are understood to have put it through. Since the President had made up his mind to sign it, Mr. Mellon and Mr. Lamont of his cabinet issued optimistic apologies for it, but Wall Street, as we all observed, took a different view.

What is done is done. We shall now have an opportunity of observing the practical results of it and possibly they will be good. Not, however, in the im-

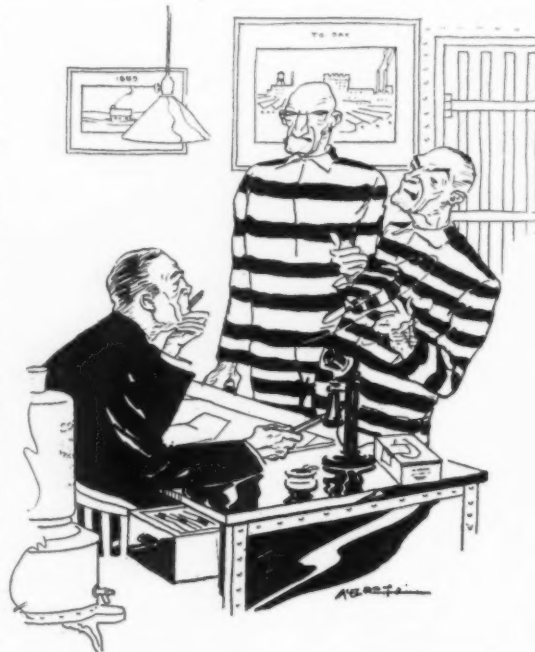
provement of business, but in bringing home to citizens in general what mischiefs a tariff engineered by particular interests may accomplish.

## Literature

NOVELS are a matter of taste, so is poetry, and that is because so large a part of the value of either of them is what the reader brings to them. It is the readers' sympathy and interest that brings novels and poems to life again.

Literature is nothing to people who cannot read. Romance is nothing to people who cannot feel. Poetry is little or nothing to people who haven't an ear for it.

Every generation seems to have its singers, every generation its story tellers; just a few survive and go on to the next generation and that is all as it should be.



"So, you men want to be placed in the same cell?"  
 "Yeah. We're workin' on a movie scenario."

A list of "sixty great novels of all time," done by Professor Lamont of the English Department of Rutgers, does not contain "Lorna Doone." Out of the collection of Henry James he picks "The American," published in 1877. Howells is represented by "The

Rise of Silas Lapham," Mark Twain by "Huckleberry Finn," Conrad by "Nostromo," and the list includes books by Edith Wharton, Arnold Bennett and Dreiser, and "Sons and Lovers" by Lawrence; in all 19 books published in the twentieth century. All the 19 are books of merit, no doubt, but it seems rather premature to say that any of them belong in a list of novels of all time.

As for "Lorna Doone," Henry M. Alden in a letter to Amelie Rives spoke of it as "the greatest romance in modern literature; standing entirely alone." It is a book to be read preferably in youth, but that is nothing against it as a novel. The same can be said of most of the nineteenth century novels in Mr. Lamont's list.

Youth is the great time for reading anyhow. Everything is news to it. It is out to discover life and when you say to it: "That object is a tree, this one a horse, that other one a girl," you are adding to knowledge and giving information that youth can verify out of its own experience. Someone has said that no one reads a book through after he is thirty years old, which implies that the best audience for writers are readers between fifteen and thirty. It is worth while writing for them: you can tell them something. Besides that, they are of an age when they think writing is important and that writers who pull it off successfully are important people. Some of them never get over that idea, but most writers do get over it, and if they live long enough they even laugh about it.

But oh the rapture of romance when one is the right age to read it.

"Guy Livingstone" is not in Mr. Lamont's list nor yet Ouida's "Under Two Flags." Neither one of them belong in it, but they are still readable. How many modern contemporary readers ever heard of "Guy Livingstone" or of Lawrence who wrote it, or of "The Initials" and "Quits" by Baroness Tautphoeus (an Irish woman married to a German) whose stories enjoyed a profitable popularity beginning in the '70's?





"Plizz, for our anniversary would you play the 'Stein' song?"

## Matters Before Congress

*An appropriation of \$50,000 to enable the Secretary of Agriculture to purchase a collection of moths and butterflies was requested today by President Hoover.—N. Y. Herald-Tribune.*

Mr. Herbert Hoover  
The White House  
Washington, D. C.  
Dear Mr. Hoover:

I have just read about your request for an appropriation of \$50,000 to enable the Secretary of Agriculture to purchase a collection of moths and butterflies for the Agricultural Department. Isn't that bidding pretty high for moths, Mr. President?

Why, only a few weeks ago I sent Miss Griswold, of the Department of Entomology at Cornell University a whole suit-full for nothing. As a matter of fact, I think if you will hold off on your purchase for another week or so I can send you as good a batch as I sent her. There seems to be a nest starting in my blue suit which I will be glad to let you have as soon as the insects hatch. (Miss Griswold got my pepper and salt suit or you could have that too.) I'll send this new swarm along to you just as soon as they get through eating. You can't have the suit itself, you understand, sir—just the moths; because after they are

through with it I can wear what's left working in the garden.

Isn't it a strange coincidence that you and Miss Griswold should both want moths? I mean, if you collected stamps and she was a philatelist I could understand it. Both entomologists is indeed odd. Well, it's a small world, after all. Maybe I can bring you two together some day.

I'm not so sure about the butterflies. I haven't any that I know of right this minute. Perhaps if you were to write Miss Griswold, telling her who you are, she would be glad to swap you some butterflies for some moths.

I suppose Congress will put its foot down as usual on your appropriation, just as they did on your Supreme Court justice. Well, you've got to expect these reverses, sir. They probably think that all moths do is bump into a fellow's desk light and eat his clothes, but we know better, don't we?

It's none of my affair what the United States is going to do with these

moths when you get them. If you are going to fish with some of them all well and good. I've had good luck myself in the Adirondacks this season with a white miller, and if you find a good specimen for fly casting I won't peach on you. I've caught some dandies on black gnats, too, in case you come across any in your appropriation.

Why not tell the Secretary of Agriculture you've decided to hold up the moth appropriation until the next meeting of Congress and, meantime, if the department will hang their woolen suits in a warm room, leaving the doors and windows open, they'll have all the moths they can possibly use.

Respectfully yours,

JACK CLUETT.

P. S. How much for State Highways this year?  
—J. C.



"Remember—ladies and gentlemen—for real solid comfort you need a Hades Oil Burner."

# Theatre · by Baird Leonard

SEVERAL years ago Arthur Stringer flew straight in the face of the mirror-up-to-nature tradition by incorporating the following stanza in one of his poems:

*Then down the great dark curtain fell  
Upon their foolish play,  
But you and I knew, ah, too well,  
Life went another way!*

He was writing, of course, before the days of our own realistic school, which reflects with such painful accuracy the proximity of elevated tracks, the ingratitude of children, the tragedies of mismating, the horrors of the death house, the sordidness of poverty, the psychology of inhibited souls, the vagaries of perversion, etc., that the spectator who has paid from six to nine dollars for his ticket flies home, impressed but uncheered, to mix a stiff nightcap and read himself to sleep on "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." The modern conception of the stage as a medium of disillusion has not, however and thank God, completely obliterated the notion that the average man goes to the theatre in the hope of seeing life, not as it is, but as he would

like it to be. Thus we still have home-spun plays in which a woman who can make a better jar of peach preserves than her neighbor ends up with an ivy-covered factory, Paris clothes, and sons at our leading universities. We have politer comedies—and they are naturally the ones with which we prefer to identify ourselves and our own experiences—in which dinner guests talk like the conversations which Oscar Wilde used to rehearse, instead of discoursing upon bootleggers, the tariff, Bobby Jones, and the condition of the road between Bear Mountain Bridge and Kingston. The stock divorcée in these comedies—and how splendidly Lucille Watson used to play her!—has for me a special lure. She is usually a close friend or relative of the menaced principals—a bit déclassée, perhaps, but worldly wise—who steps into the situation with sparkling comments on love, solvency, and various other vital matters, and with promises to use her influence with former suitors amongst the clergy or officers of trust companies. She is really a substitute for the Greek chorus, and how much more acceptable she is, in her long, flashing earrings and the dress which you mean to copy

from a rough sketch of it on your program, than a lot of old graybeards in gunny-sacking! You and I, dear readers, know—and, as Mr. Stringer has it, ah, too well—what her counterpart is in real life. A dowdy counsellor with rubbers and an umbrella who tells you that if you had saved your money or not eaten so much lobster salad, you would not be in your present predicament. And with not an epigram in a street-carload.

But it is the servant behind the footlights which really causes me to break down. How different he, or she, is from the average servant in the house! Those perfect valets, running the bath at just the right time and temperature, getting the old love out the back portal whilst the new is knocking at the front, remembering telephonic communications in detail, serving supper at odd hours with unelevated eyebrows, ready to start for Siberia at an hour's notice. Those suave butlers, alertly bell-conscious, sizing up visitors at a glance, unspeakably shod, running the emotional gamut with their employers even to a willingness to lend them money. (Do you remember the manservant in "A Successful Calamity" who offered his savings to William Gillette with the embarrassed explanation, "My sister's husband is dead now, so she doesn't need help any more"? ) Those marvelous maids, with their caps at the right angle, their trim ankles, their aprons impeccable, the seams of their stockings straight, their unperturbed presence in the night watches to take Madame's cloak and see her safely in bed. (I can remember only two exceptions to their general rule—the colored waitress in "The First Year" who in self-justification reiterated that she "washed better," and the maid in "Fair and Warmer" who, skipping across the stage in a frowsy kimono, complained bitterly that "there are more damn bells in this house!")

It is too much, I suppose, to hope that those who minister to my own menage will read this article. If they do, may it inspire Katie to take less interest in the doings on First Avenue, to wear some of her new uniforms, and to turn off the electric light before shutting the closet doors. I shall be satisfied if it does nothing but prompt Adrienne to leave her dustcloth in the broom-cabinet instead of on my bureau.



"Some dessert, madam?"

"No. Just some aspirin, and a couple of good mystery stories."

# Movies • by Harry Evans

## "For The Defense"

**W**HEN better movies are made dealing with the "law," William Powell will be in them. He started his law career as a screen detective, then became a crook and racketeer for a few films, and now we see him as an eloquent and brilliant criminal lawyer whose specialty is freeing guilty men. This department enjoys Mr. Powell's work as much as any screen player we have ever seen.

If you saw "Street Of Chance" you will remember the excellent teamwork of Mr. Powell and Miss Kay Francis. They are together again in this one, and form one of the slickest combinations the screen has yet offered. Additional talent includes William B. Davidson, who gives a powerful portrayal as the district attorney, and Thomas E. Jackson, whose detective characterization is so widely imitated. Director Cromwell handles this splendid talent with resource and intelligence.

"For The Defense" is an unusually good movie.

## "Let Us Be Gay"

**T**HE screen version of Rachel Crother's excellent stage play gives Norma Shearer another opportunity to prove that she is one of the most entertaining ladies of the screen. Because of her presence and the fine performance of Marie Dressler, "Let Us Be Gay" is recommended.

In adapting the play to the screen, the producers followed the law of the movies and sacrificed subtlety in an earnest effort to produce a boxoffice hit for theatre owners in the great open spaces where men are men and comedy is a kick in the pants. We often wonder how producers arrive at conclusions about just what should be done to a particularly clever bit of dialog or business to make it suitable for the movies. Probably they try it out on one of the executives and then simplify it until he can get it.

If you happened to see Charlotte Granville play the part of *Mrs. Boucicault* on the stage you will more readily

appreciate Miss Dressler's artistry in changing the character of the rôle and getting away with it as she does. Under the guidance of John Golden, Miss Granville's enunciations were delicately shaded subtleties that made you giggle a great deal but seldom guffaw. Miss Dressler reverses the order—and there you have it. Give 'em a few belly laughs and the picture is a success.

Gilbert Emery, Hedda Hopper, William O'Brien and Wilfred Noy deserve mention—particularly Mr. Noy. His *Wallace* is a high spot. Rod La

made a sincere effort in this film to neutralize this spirit of romance by proving that there is no fun in dying the death of a heroic aviator.

Mr. Barthelmess gives a fine performance in the leading rôle, but from point of skill he is forced into second place by the superb acting of Douglas Fairbanks Jr. Neil Hamilton completes a trio of handsome young British officers whose efforts make "The Dawn Patrol" worth while.

We would call your attention to one circumstance of the story that hardly seems reasonable. The climax of the

plot is reached when orders come through for a lone flier to attempt a mission that means almost certain death. By a bit of deception Richard takes the place of the man who volunteered for the assignment. If the deception were discovered he would not be able to get away with the feat, and the story would be a flop, so when time comes to take off we find the flying field deserted except for Dick and one mechanic—so the plan is a success.

Director Howard Hawks, whose work is highly commendable, is a brother of Kenneth Hawks, husband of Mary Astor, who was killed recently in a plane accident.



"You're goin' in at your own risk, Mister! I warned you this picture ain't so hot!"

Rocque's effort as Norma's husband is pretty weak.

Good medicine for those who like sophisticated treatment of triangulations amongst the upper crust.

## "The Dawn Patrol"

**I**T WAS predicted several years ago that the public was sick and tired of war pictures. At the present writing "Journey's End" and "All Quiet On The Western Front" are two of the best sellers—and now we have Richard Barthelmess and a good cast presenting another story of the big scrap that is due to be popular.

The romantic side of the war has already been exaggerated to the point of hysteria, a circumstance that has been criticized several times in these columns. Director Howard Hawks has

## "Wild Company"

**T**HERE is no particular reason for this one. Somewhere in its maze of stupid moralizing is supposed to be an example about the modern generation. The general gist of which is that parents should not give their children too much liberty.

The young son, whose father is mayor, becomes involved in a shooting and is convicted of manslaughter—usually rather a serious offense. But in this case the judge denounces the lad's parents for having forced him into wild company by being too nice to him and then sentences him to five years—in his father's parole.

H. B. Warner, Claire McDowell and Kenneth Thomson do pretty well in spite of it all. The rest are pretty awful.





"Yes, the eighteenth floor, young man, you may finish that first—we've just leased it."

### Complaints

FIRST NEW YORKER: I've just seen the worst play of the season.

SECOND NEW YORKER: Huh! You should kick—I've just seen the best heavy-weight fight!

### Get Up From There!

The Marshal of Hickory Flat, Mississippi, will use confiscated whiskey to sprinkle the streets. That's one way to make the gutter popular.

### Literature

On the evening of the New Jersey senatorial primaries, Mr. Dwight Morrow is said to have been reading Herodotus. Mr. Herbert Hoover was engaged in translating an old mural manuscript known as *The Handwriting On The Wall*.

## Prophecies of the Week

If he (Senator Morrow) is nominated (for President), the probability is that he will suffer overwhelming defeat, a prophecy that is reasonably safe in spite of his heavy victory in the wet state of New Jersey.—*Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals*.

Before I die I expect to see Owen D. Young President of the United States.—*Lloyd George, quoted by Admiral Graydon*.

A tidal wave of prosperity will descend upon the undertakers of the land. The stock market will nose-dive again in the early autumn. There will be an epidemic of suicides and business failures. Communism will flourish as never before. Robberies galore, serious fires, embezzlements, scandals among members of the clergy, press and bar.—*Professor Gustave Meyer, the Hoboken astrologer*.

As long as England has her barmaids, there will be no Prohibition in England.—*Councillor Joseph Wilson of Sunderland*.

It is imminent that there will be another war between France and Italy. No, I don't think France will be the aggressor.—*James W. Gerard, Ambassador to Germany before the World War*.

President Hoover will be re-elected. I speak not as a Democrat but as one inspired.—*Dr. Royal S. Copeland, Democratic Senator from New York*.

In fifty years New York will have only two classes of people, aristocrats and groundlings; the former will live up in the air, while the latter, dwarfed and stunted, will live and work in the deep sunless canyons of the street levels.—*Professor John Dewey [as quoted by the Pathfinder Magazine, latest issue]*.



"Elmer, does you know what kind of a dog this is?"  
"Boy, Ah ain't even got stren'th 'nuf to guess."



## "Reading Between the Lines"



LIFE will pay \$5 apiece for ideas used on this page.

# Life at Home



**SAN FRANCISCO**—A young man was arrested here for refusing to work, and haled to the city prison charged with vagrancy. His name is Manuel Labor.

**LONG BEACH, N. Y.**—An authentic rum hound has been discovered here. Walking with his owner along the seashore early one night, the dog suddenly dashed into the surf and dragged out a burlap bag containing six bottles of Scotch. Bathing has become even more popular than ever in the vicinity.

**MASON CITY, Ia.**—Dieting was not a success with Mrs. Myrtle Larson. She was complainant against her husband, Eugene, in an assault and battery case recently.

"My husband made it a rule to kiss me every time I lost a pound and to strike me whenever I gained a pound. I have been gaining."

**POCANTICO HILLS, N. Y.**—In the home town of John D. Rockefeller, Sr., there has been no crime for years; there are no roadhouses or speakeasies. Therefore the town board of Mount Pleasant is firing its police force—all of him. The Rockefeller estate has private police.

**CHICAGO**—Dr. Wm. Parker, chiropractor, asking for a divorce, explained to Judge Lynch "that the primitive segments in Mrs. Parker's craniata were so 'muscle-bound' that she was given to frequent impulses to strike me," and that "her vertebral aponeurosis failed to respond to the touch of my finger tips." "Meaning what?" said the court. "Meaning that she threw things at me," said the doctor. "On March 30 it was a rolling pin. On St. Valentine's Day it was a hammer." The Judge granted him a divorce.

**NEW HAVEN, Conn.**—Dean Clarence Mendell of Yale advocates restoration of the old-fashioned beer garden to the colleges. "Better beer is getting to be obtainable, and I don't think anyone—save a fanatical dry—would question that a return of the beer garden would be a fine thing. There was some pretty high-powered talk around the tables in our day, and some mighty good group singing; they were pleasant places for students to congregate," said the Dean.

**TULSA, Okla.**—Tulsa city commissioners are studying the case of Albert Guy.

Guy, according to records of the municipal swimming pool, was saved from drowning by a life guard.

A few days later Guy's attorney presented a bill for \$30. The claim lists \$15 as due from the city because he was permitted to be almost drowned. The other \$15 is claimed as a result of a bruise Guy claims to have received on his head when the life guard dropped him after dragging him from the pool.

**PHILADELPHIA** — Tunney's knowledge of human nature, acquired through intensive study of the "Bard of Avon," enabled him to divine Dempsey's thoughts and reactions and this equipment provided what was necessary to win the championship, according to Sir Archibald Flowers, Shakespearean actor, who spoke before a mass meeting of Temple University students in Conwell Hall here. He also suggested that golfers study Shakespeare to acquire the proper mental attitude for their game.

**LOS ANGELES**—Leaving the ethical aspects of the motion picture, "Ingagi," to Will H. Hays and others, Milton Phillips is concerning himself with an effort to collect \$20 for one day's work as the film's gorilla.

"They said I didn't make a good gorilla," Phillips told Deputy Labor Commissioner Thomas Barker. "He refused to pay me. I insist I could be as good a gorilla as anyone else and am entitled to the \$20."



"Junior, meet your father, he's an endurance flyer."



*"A foine lot, Maggie, but what a pity, now, that you spent that year with your folks in the old country."*

### A Fast One

An old lumber schooner was tacking up the Connecticut River, the mate forward, handling the jibs, and the captain aft by the wheel. As the schooner neared the western shore, the mate sang out, "Hey, Cap'n, gettin' in close."

"You tend your end of this boat, and I'll tend mine, Mister," roared back the captain. "I know this river."

Ten minutes passed without the order to come about, and the mate yelled, "Gettin' awful shallow here, Cap'n. How about puttin' her about?"

"You tend your end of this — craft and I'll tend mine!" the skipper bellowed.

Another ten minutes passed and the mate could stand it no longer. "Let go the anchor, boys. Hey, Cap'n, my end's anchored. How about yours?"

### Critics

We saw Bobby Jones perform in the news reels the other night. He looked great to us, but a man across the aisle was arguing that his stance was wrong.

### Another Result

The standard size for dining car napkins has been increased to 400 square inches. This is another result of the nervousness created by the stock market.

NED: Have you known Phyllis long?

TED: Oh yes, I've known her ever since we were the same age!

### Denial

An insurance company finds college men live longer than others. Watch for a statement from the Anti-Saloon League denying it.

For weeks her face with its corn-gold hair had made pictures at the window for him. She was a vision for poetry. —*Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph*.  
Another bearded lady.

### Anagrins

Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word given below, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.

- (1) Scramble *seeing* with an *s* and get a good beginning.
- (2) Scramble *lumber* with a *t* and get an old-fashioned means of taking people for a ride.
- (3) Scramble *panting* with an *o* and get moving.
- (4) Scramble *simple* with a *u* and get something to obey.
- (5) Scramble *drains* with an *e* and get a subway passenger.

(Answers on Page 31)



*From the sublime to the ridiculous.*



# The Family Album



Reprinted from LIFE, Nov. 25, 1920.

HE: Don't you love to be in the country and watch things growing?  
"No, I prefer things when they're grown."



# Confidential Guide

## LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

How LIFE readers can get good orchestra seats at box-office prices to all shows on this page indicated by stars.

See Page 26

(Listed in the order of their openings)

### Comedy and Drama

- ★**STRICTLY DISHONORABLE.** *Avon.* \$3.85—An excellent comedy which makes capital of the fact that sex is nothing but amusing.
- ★**THE FIRST MRS. FRASER.** *Playhouse.* \$3.85—Grace George, supported by a fine cast, showing what the wife he left behind him can do if she is clever.
- ★**THE LAST MILE.** *Sam H. Harris.* \$3.00—The horrors of the death house done effectively into drama.
- ★**APRON STRINGS.** *Forty-eighth Street.* \$3.00—Slight, amusing comedy about a hen-pecked son.

★**THE GREEN PASTURES.** *Mansfield.* \$4.40—The Scriptures according to the old-fashioned ducky, interpolated with some swell singing. The Pulitzer Prize play, and deservedly so.

**STEPPING SISTERS.** *Royale*—But not, astonishingly, to Cain's storehouse.

★**LOST SHEEP.** *Selwyn.* \$3.00—Not as good as you would think the tenancy of an ex-brothel by a clergyman with three fair daughters might be.

★**LYSISTRATA.** *Forty-fourth Street.* \$5.50—Aristophanes' broad comedy, magnificently produced.

★**JOURNEY'S END.** *Henry Miller's.* \$4.40—This celebrated war play has reopened. Don't miss seeing it if you haven't.

### Musical

★**SONS O' GUNS.** *Imperial.* \$6.60—One of the best song and dance shows, featuring Jack Donahue as a doughboy.

★**FLYING HIGH.** *Apollo.* \$6.60—You will cheat yourself out of some merry laughter if you miss Bert Lahr in this one.

★**THE GARRICK GAITIES.** *Guild.* \$3.00—A delightful review with no smut, and therefore never a dull moment.

★**ARTISTS AND MODELS.** *Majestic.* \$5.50—Big summer show in the nude and lewd.

★**EARL CARROLL'S VANITIES.** *New Amsterdam.* \$6.60—All that glitters is not gold.

**WHO CARES.** *Chanin's Forty-sixth Street*—A revue that aims merely and successfully at entertaining you.

## Records

### Victor

"IT MUST BE SPRING"—Waring's Pennsylvanians. Delicate, colorful, and not lacking in pep. The Three Girl Friends harmonize a bit and a snatch of piano also furnishes variety, and

"I'VE GOTTA YEN FOR YOU"—Gus Arnheim and His Orchestra. Trickey tune and rhythm, with fine work by saxes, accordion and brasses. One of this month's best.

"SWINGIN' IN A HAMMOCK"—Aileen Stanley indulges in a little exercise. An inoffensive number, and

"I LOVE YOU SO MUCH"—The ever popular Miss Stanley sings this convincingly.

"NOBODY CARES IF I'M BLUE" (*Show Of Shows*)—Johnny Hamp and His Kentucky Serenaders. A still popular foxtrot with fine brass work played by a band that knows its business. Great for dancing, and

"KISS WALTZ"—George Olsen and His Music have an off day with a tune that has possibilities. Too much one, two three—one, two, threecish.

"GYPSY LOVE SONG" and

"AH! SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE"—Jesse Crawford chooses two old favorites with which to thrill his fans which we are.

### Brunswick

"ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT"—Bob Haring and his Orchestra terribly mistreating a waltz that isn't half bad, and

"SWINGIN' IN A HAMMOCK"—Bob Haring again. This perfectly good song is simply being played to death—in all sorts of ways, shapes and forms.

### Columbia

"F'R INSTANCE"—*California Ramblers*—We like this number so much that we can even forgive the mediocre recording by a band that can do better, and

"I LOVE YOU SO MUCH" (*The Cuckoos*)—All of them are trying this one, and we'd give the California Ramblers B for effort.

## Sheet Music

"Just a Little Closer" (*Remote Control*)

"Kiss Waltz" (*Dancing Sweeties*)

"I Wonder How It Feels To Be Head Over Heels In Love" (*No show*)

"Little White Lies" (*No show*)

"That's What I Like About You" (*Wild Company*)

"Living A Life of Dreams" (*No show*)

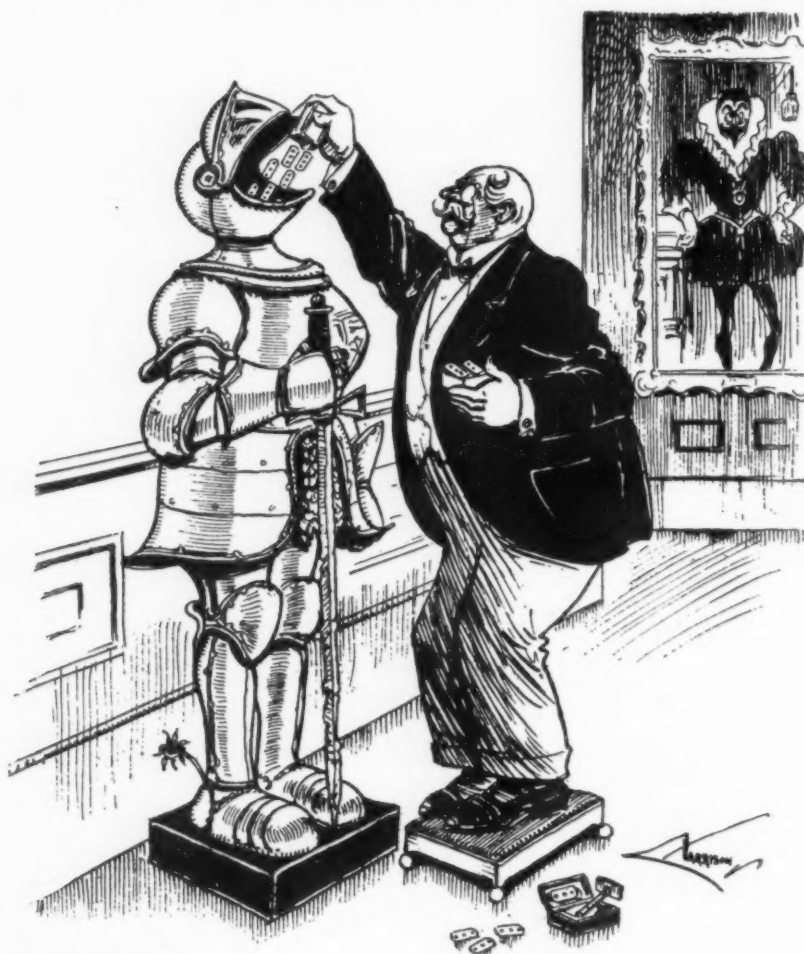
(Continued on Page 31)



"Are you quite sure that this racquet doesn't say 'Twang'? Because I rather want one that says 'Ping!'"

—Punch (by permission).

# Our Foolish Contemporaries



Drawn by C. Harrison.

Sir Bingleton Basham of Chillingham Castle finds a place for his old razor blades.

—Passing Show.

TRAMP: I've asked for money, I've begged for money and I've cried for money, lady.

LADY: Have you ever thought of working for it, my man?

TRAMP: No, not yet, mum. You see, I'm going through the alphabet and I ain't got to W yet.

—Warrington Examiner.

TEACHER: Why in your prayer do you only ask for your daily bread, and not enough for a week?

JOHNNY: So we can get it fresh every day.

—Pathfinder.

"I see no reason why a man shouldn't be polite to his wife after divorce," says Cosmo Hamilton. And it really wouldn't hurt him to stretch a point and be polite to her before divorce.

—Macon Telegraph.

It used to be hard to find a needle in a haystack, and now it's just as hard to find one in a woman's hand.

—Boston Transcript.

We gather from the fashion reports that women are wearing their legs shorter.

—Punch.



HE: I say, how gloriously tanned that girl is!

SHE: Pooh! That's last season's shade.

—Punch (by permission).

Marie Dressler, who has always been considered "human," has grown quite hardboiled in Hollywood. When first on the lot she was the victim of all the beggars in the picture world and elsewhere. There must be a jumping off place for everyone's "humanity" and now, she says, if anyone comes up to her and says, "I'm hungry," she replies, "I'm sorry, but I'm just going out to lunch."

—Variety.

The Bureau of Standards of the U. S. Department of Commerce has taken upon itself the task of defining the position of the woman's waist line. It seems that is a subject which could best be decided at an arms conference.

—Wichita Beacon.

What a world! By the time you're important enough to take two hours for lunch, the doctor limits you to a glass of milk.

—Publishers' Syndicate.

At the Brooklyn Paramount where Oakie is now packing houses with Rudy Vallée on the same card, the flip cracks are abundant. Vallée, it appears, said something that irked Oakie.

"Lissen to me big boy," yipped Oakie. "Some of these days you are going to walk into a rich man's home and knock a bust of me off the mantel-piece!"

—New York Mirror.

A London actress recently spent an evening at a hillside home overlooking Los Angeles. Gazing at the city lighted up, she mused:

"Isn't that lovely? I suppose all those lights get together at ten o'clock and spell Marion Davies."

—Variety.

# LIFE'S Camps

*Send a city child to sunny lakes and green hills—perhaps for the first time in his life.*

IN contributing to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, perhaps you will be content with knowing that you are saving a child from the heat and misery of the city, and with imagining what a thrill of joy that little person feels to wiggle bare toes in real grass, to swim in a real lake, to romp away into the woods where there are no iron fences and no big policemen and not a care in the world.

But perhaps you realize, as we do, that your gift may mean far more than this. None of us can possibly understand, fully, what a tremendous experience this is to a city child brought up in dirt and clamor and poverty, nor what a profound and lasting impression it may make. New, natural, joyous companionships—not street and slum associations. Wholesome food and games—peaceful slumber, all in a world unbelievably beautiful and various and new. It seems impossible that there are children who have never known these things, but there are, thousands upon thousands of them—children whose tragic little lives begin along the shadowy crowded trails of poverty and gangdom and crime. Let us let these little ones know that there are other paths to follow!

LIFE's readers have responded this year, as always, with wonderful generosity. But we are thinking, and you will too, of the little folks who have thus far had to wait.

Twenty-five dollars sent to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, 60 East 42nd Street, New York City, will send one child. Fifty dollars will send two children.

## LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past forty-three years. In that time it has expended over \$547,000 and has provided more than 53,000 country vacations for poor city children.

Twenty-five dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded, hot city. Won't you help?

Contributions (which are acknowledged in LIFE about four weeks after their receipt) should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 60 East 42nd Street, New York City.

Previously acknowledged.....\$16,442.34  
W. Arthur Stringer, San Francisco 20.00  
Richard K. Thorndike, Jr., Concord, N. H. 5.00  
Mrs. F. E. Cornell, Hempstead, N. Y. 25.00  
Deborah York, West Newton, Mass. 10.00  
R. M. McConnell, Knoxville, Tenn. 5.00

Edith M. Degen, So. Byfield, Mass. 2.00  
H. W. Hawley, Bridgeport, Conn. 2.00  
Dr. Malcolm C. Guthrie, Wilkes-Barre 5.00  
George M. Bernhard, San Francisco 1.00  
Dr. M. W. Sampson, Brooklyn 5.00  
City Club, Oswego, N. Y. 10.00  
J. M. B., San Rafael, Cal. 25.00  
Drs. Loomis & Sherrick, Oakland, Cal. 50.00  
"A Friend," Los Angeles 20.00  
John W. Gilbert, Beverly Hills, Cal. 10.00  
W. Hinkle Smith, Philadelphia 20.00  
Franklin S. Wade 100.00  
M. M. P., Point Loma, Cal. 10.00  
J. F. P., New York 14.00  
Mrs. W. J. Durfey, Montclair 10.00  
W. H. Gilbert, Akron, O. 5.00  
Miss Margaret R. Dodge, Pasadena 1.00  
Mr. and Mrs. W. E. W., San Francisco 5.00  
Harry V. Elliott, Philadelphia 10.00  
"In Memory T. W. C." 20.00  
Quex 10.00  
Douglas P. Maxwell, Riverside, Conn. 25.00  
Nancy Manhard, Westport, Conn. 10.00



*There are no  
"Keep Off The Grass"  
signs here.*

Mrs. R. F. Burnham, Pasadena 5.00  
Billy Hon, Hollywood 1.00  
Mrs. J. F. Schoellkopf, Buffalo, N. Y. 10.00  
Mrs. E. C. Warner, Buffalo 10.00  
Fred L. Gross, Brooklyn 25.00  
Mrs. J. C. Graham, Pasadena 5.00  
George E. McGunagle, New York 5.00  
W. A. Jonas, New York 10.00  
T. A. Crellin, Oakland, Cal. 5.00  
Mrs. Ira W. Hoover, Los Angeles 10.00  
Miss Dora Murdock, Glen Cove 5.00  
Mrs. Charles S. Ensign, Newton, Mass. 10.00  
I. M. S., New York 20.00  
F. B., Spokane, Wash. 50.00  
Helen B. Hubbard, Cleveland, O. 10.00  
C. J. Hawkins, Hollister, Cal. 5.00  
"Cranford" 3.00  
Dr. Joseph Catton, San Francisco 1.00  
Dr. John A. Cohalan, Philadelphia 5.00  
F. E. Rightor, San Antonio 10.00  
Mrs. S. M. Haslett, Alameda, Cal. 20.00  
A. Gibbs, Rumson, N. J. 5.00  
Miss Marie Hafermann, Pittsburgh 1.00  
Mrs. N. L. Goodrich, Hanover, N. H. 5.00  
Thomas F. W. Haskins, Tulsa, Okla. 10.00  
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Willis, Rochester 25.00

Billy Johnston, Short Hills, N. J. 10.00  
Mr. and Mrs. Bracket H. Clark, Rochester 5.00  
Miss O. Pardee, Germantown, Pa. 15.00  
A. E. L., Quebec, P. Q. 25.00  
Paul A. Frank, Akron, O. 10.00  
M. M. T., New York 5.00  
Mrs. Robt. G. Browning, Tenafly, N. J. 15.00  
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(Continued on Page 29)





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August 8, 1930

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Explanation: The choice of weapons brought into play some unusual features.

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337½ No. Lincoln Pk. Ave.,  
Los Angeles, Calif.  
Explanation: "Oh, Lord, it's going to take plenty of headwork to get out of this."

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J. A. Strawson,  
508 Madison Ave.,  
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Explanation: A fight that was not to be sneezed at.

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SPREADING GERMS OF HATE, by George Sylvester Viereck. Introduced by Col. House. *Horace Liveright*, \$3. A study of war propaganda furnished by many actors in the late war, most of whom are still living and many of whom the author (who was himself a good deal mixed up in it) confronts here with their own words and actions. Presumably accurate, we are bound to say the book is interesting, in spite of the subject, which we like about as much as carrots and spinach.

THE ISLAND OF LOST WOMEN, by H. de Vere Stacpoole. *J. H. Sears & Co.*, \$2. Ye ancient and dishonorable hidden treasure theme is here reworked into a lurid sea tale which, we blush to admit, held the eyes of our fancy in the boat from stem to stern. Skilled description, by an experienced literary navigator.

DOCTOR SEROCOLD, by Helen Ashton. *Doubleday Doran Co.*, \$2.50. To embark on this book after reading a thriller is like stepping from a speed roadster into an old-style buggy, except that the doctor does drive a motor. A quiet novel about a family doctor and the patients he sees in twenty-four hours. Story of charm, delicately told.

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—Thomas L. Masson.

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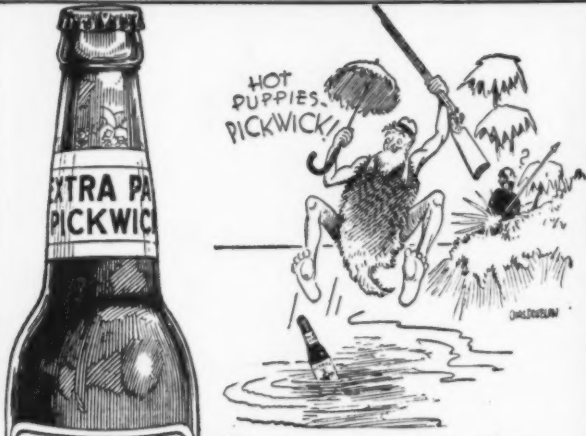
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—*Pathfinder.*



"Steward, how dare you?"

## Life in Society



### Wins Putting Trophy

Mr. Henry ("Hank") Comstock of Scarborough-on-Hudson holding Miss Bagg, first prize in the annual petting contest at Lake Placid.

Miss Madeleine Katharine Kechara Hubbard Dedons de Pierrefeu ad Infinitum is at the La Farce because Mr. Henry R. Sagebrick will arrive Friday.

Miss Caroline L. Morton, who has just returned from Europe, is at the Plaza where she gave a small dinner last night and then took her guests over at bridge.

General and Mrs. Marshall O. Terry gave a dinner at the Plaza last night for General Robert Lee Bullard, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Bullard, awfully sleepy.

Mrs. Lester Riley gave a luncheon at the Larchmont Yacht Club, or a launchin' at the Larchmont Luncheon Club—who cares?

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Suett gave a dinner for Mr. Dick Carlson last evening because Mr. Carlson gave a dinner for them last week. The playoff will be held Saturday night.

R. Livingston Beekman of Newport hasn't been heard from since 11:45 this morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Elliott Hooper of Locust Valley gave a luncheon in the South garden of Barbasol yesterday, followed by bridge in the East Garden, tea in the West garden and beetles from the North garden.

Mr. and Mrs. Goodhue Broadback gave a dinner at Smudgelawn last night in honor of their son-of-a-gun-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Crowell.

Mr. Stephen J. McNulty is sailing on the Majestic for Scotland to shoot a few highballs.  
—*Jack Cluett.*

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**SON:** Frankly, Sir, I'd rather leave Rolls-Royce ruts!

—London Opinion.

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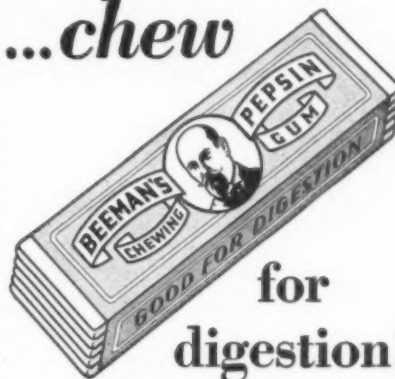
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Mrs. P. H. Wilks, New Bedford . . . . .	5.00
Charlotte Lyman, Waltham, Mass. . . .	5.00
Edmund H. Carpenter, Woodbury, N. J. . . . .	10.00
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JUST OFF PARK AVENUE NEW YORK  
Direction: North Hotel, Corporation

# Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 23)

## Hotels for Dining and Dancing

C—(Cover Charge)

★—(Must Dress)

AMBASSADOR GREEN ROOM, Park at 51st. No cover. Harold Stern's orchestra.

ASTOR ROOF, Broadway at 44th. C(after 9 o'clock) \$1.00. Myer Davis Orchestra.

BILTMORE CASCADES, Madison at 43rd Street. C(after 9:30) \$1.00 week-days; \$2.00 Saturdays. Bert Lown's Orchestra.

MCALPIN ROOF, Broadway at 34th Street. C\$1.00 week-days; \$1.50 Saturdays. Eddie Lane's Orchestra.

NEW YORKER TERRACE RESTAURANT, 8th Ave. at 34th. C(after 10 o'clock) \$1.00 week-days; \$2.00 Saturdays. Barney Rapp's orchestra.

PARK CENTRAL ROOF, 7th Ave. at 55th. C(after 9:30) \$1.00 week-days; \$2.50 Saturdays. Don Bigelow Orchestra. Dances by Easter and Hazelton.

PENNSYLVANIA ROOF, 7th Ave. at 33rd. C(after 9:30) \$1.00 week-days; Saturdays, \$2.00. Phil Spitalny orchestra.

RITZ CARLTON ROOF, Madison at 46th. No cover. Ritz Orchestra.

ROOSEVELT GRILL, Madison at 45th. No cover. Leo Furst orchestra.

★ST. REGIS ROOF, 5th Ave. at 55th. C\$2 (after 10 o'clock) Vincent Lopez orchestra. Dances by Veloz and Yolanda.

Teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters on half Grape Fruit, a delightful breakfast tonic. See sample Abbott's Bitters for 25c. Write Abbott's Bitters, Baltimore, Maryland.

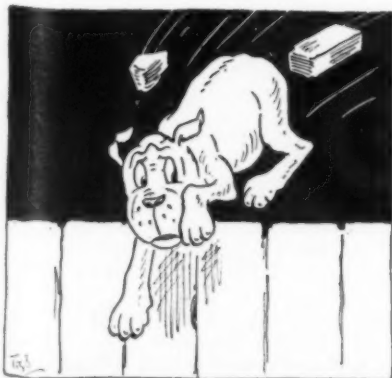
VILMA: Let's have one of those steps over there, please.

HELEN: Here's a white one—for purity.

VILMA: What other colors have you?  
—N. Y. U. Medley.

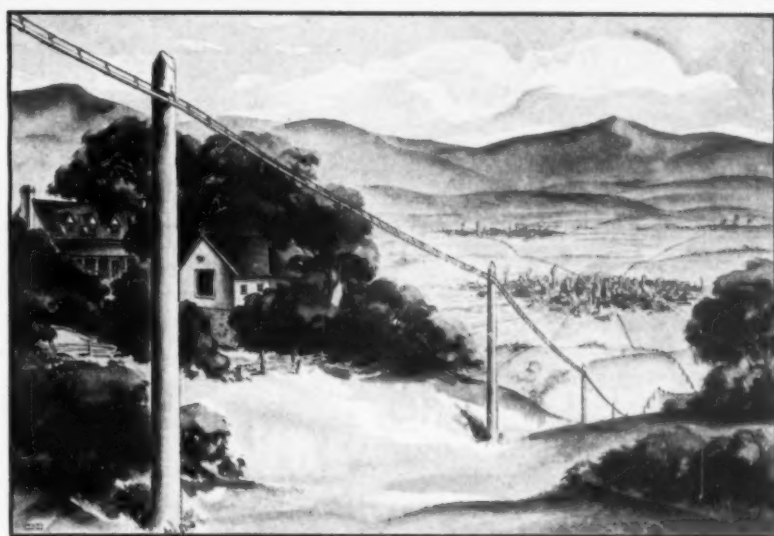
HOSPITAL NURSE (to impatient magician): Congratulations, it's a fine bowl of goldfish!

—Harvard Lampoon.



POETICAL PETE

The preacher has to watch his step:  
He's hired to dig up sin;  
But such an awful lot depends  
On whose back yard it's in.



AN INTER-CITY CABLE, PART OF THE BELL SYSTEM NETWORK THAT UNIFIES THE NATION

## Vast, to serve the nation . . . personal, to serve you

*An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company*

SO THAT YOU may telephone from house to house in a Southern village, from farm to farm in the Middle West, or from the Pacific to the Atlantic Coast—the Bell Telephone System *must* be large. Its work is to give adequate telephone service to one of the world's busiest and most widespread nations. There is 4000 million dollars' worth of telephone plant and equipment in the Bell System, any part of which is subject to your call day or night.

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with these companies is the staff of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, giving them the benefit of its development of better methods. The Bell Laboratories and the Western Electric Company utilize the talents of thousands of scientists for constant research and improvement in the material means of telephony. Western Electric, with its great plants and warehouses in every part of the country, contributes its specialized ability for the precise and economical manufacture of equipment of the highest quality for the entire system.

The Bell System is vigorously carrying forward its work of improving the telephone service of the country.

It is building for today and tomorrow—for the benefit of every one who lives and works in America.



IMPORTED FARM ASSISTANT: There was a mouse in that bucket of milk.

FARMER: Did you take it out?

ASSISTANT: No, sir; but I put the cat in.  
—Toronto Goblin.

CUSTOMER: Say, waiter, where is the menu?

WAITER: Straight down the aisle and the first door to the left.

—Ohio Green Goat.

## Answers to Anagrams

(on Page 21)

- (1) Genesis.
- (2) Tumbrel.
- (3) Poignant.
- (4) Impulse.
- (5) Sardine.



★ Read your answer in the "stars". They mark the danger spots in everybody's holiday. Just as much need for an AETNA Sports Liability Policy as for an AETNA Accident Policy—and here is the reason:

★ An Accident Policy protects you from financial loss only in case of injury to yourself. But should you injure others while golfing, hunting, boating, fishing, or any other sport, a Sports Liability Policy covers you against all loss (up to the limits of the policy) and all expense (without limit) resulting from personal injury claims regardless of whether liability exists or not!

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Aetna Casualty and Surety Company; Aetna Life Insurance Company; Automobile Insurance Company; Standard Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Conn.

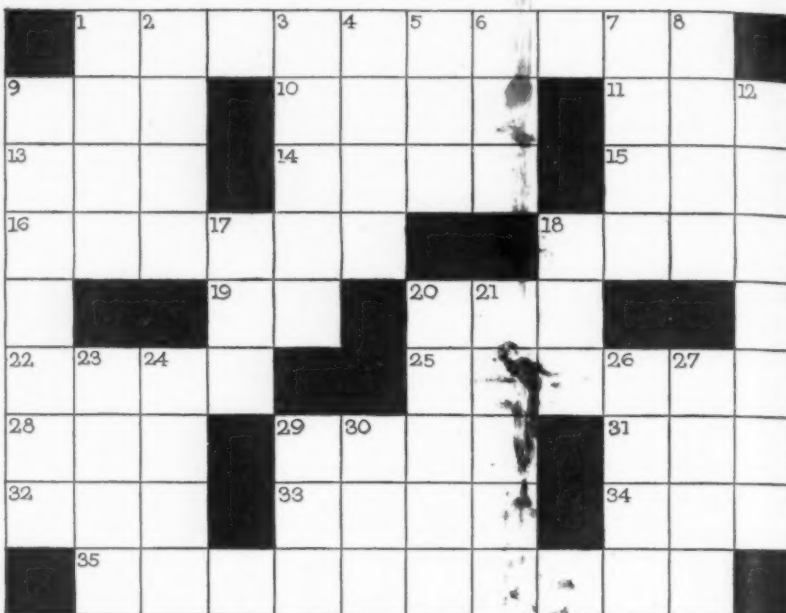
**AETNA-IZE**

## LIFE'S CROSS WORD PICTURE PUZZLE NO. 52

After you have solved the puzzle and got the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle, give your explanation of it in not more than 15 words.

Send in the completed puzzle with the title and your explanation. The cleverest explanations will be printed, and LIFE will pay \$5 for each one accepted.

Send all puzzles to Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York. Contest for this issue closes August 22.



ACROSS

1. Easy to catch.
9. Rural unsophisticate.
10. A good place to raise a little dough.
11. The man who thinks he is Napoleon.
13. Famous humorist (last name).
14. The guy who turns the other cheek.
15. Where many a good man starts to go wrong.
16. A good thing to do at Palm Beach.
18. Sign of a leak somewhere.
19. Exists.
20. To fell with an axe.
22. Persia.
25. Movie architecture.
28. Sister.
29. What the bride's brother gave the bride-groom.
31. Men stand against this when they're for it.
32. Acquire wealth.
33. This is a burden.
34. Measures.
35. Christmas greetings.

DOWN

1. Turkish magistrate.
2. A secret everyone knows.
3. Heavy reading.
4. Allege.
5. Turn to the right.
6. This is penned in.
7. Prep. of direction.
8. Where the East begins.
9. Caused by after dinner speeches.
12. Seesaws.
17. What Henry Ford made famous.
18. Possess.
20. This comes just before bedtime.
21. Wipe the slate clean.
23. The chap who does this is sorry.
24. Poker term.
26. Countenance.
27. Scotch derbys.
29. Peppery.
30. The Florida Cuckoo.





## Well—

It's Time for YOU to Get Between the Covers.

—and this is no sleeping matter either. This is a laughing matter, and a matter of a pleasant prescription, or, if you must know, subscription.

Any doctor will tell you it's quite necessary to get between the covers regularly, and so you hit the hay practically every night and pitch and toss and wonder how flexible the tariff is and swear yourself to sleep.

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